

fice. I'll do anything for you Forsythe," his voice sank to a whimpering whine. "Don't send me up. Don't do it, Forsythe. Ain't I given you the dope straight? Didn't I give you your chanst at One-eared Sturton? For Gawd's sake, Forsythe, don't send me up!"

Forsythe's only answer was to twist the arm so hard that Jimmy squealed like a stuck pig with the sharp, biting pain of it. Then a footstep sounded. Someone was coming.

"Come on," yelled Forsythe aloud, "an' don't try any more monkey business."

The patrol wagon drove up. Jimmy was bundled into it. Forsythe followed, and sat very close to him.

"What's the charge," asked the desk sergeant.

"Same as before—burglary," said Forsythe. "He did that Hanlon job last night. I got the goods on him. Lookie here!" And he hauled from Jimmy's pockets, where he himself had placed them five minutes before, a jimmy, a rope of pearls and a diamond brooch.

"It's a lie," cried Jimmy.

Forsythe's big fist crashed into Jimmy's face. The Wop went down like a stone.

"Look out, Forsythe," said the desk sergeant, nervously. "Someone might ha' seen that an' then there'd be the devil to pay."

"Aw, he shouldn't uv called me a liar," said Forsythe.

Jimmy was carried to a cell, and buckets of water were thrown

over him until he came to. Forsythe went to tell the "newspaper boys" of the clever work he had done in landing the Hanlon House burglar.

A few days later, Forsythe came face to face with Margaret Wendon on the street.

"Well," he sneered, "we got your lover."

The woman's face grew hard and contemptuous.

"Whom do you mean by my lover?" she asked.

Jimmy the Wop—the man who gave you the office the other night, and it's twenty years for him easy. We got him dead to rights."

Margaret Wendon gave a little cry.

"He saved your skin," but he couldn't save his own, and maybe I'll get you yet."

"Let me pass," said the woman, faintly.

"Say, listen, Margie," said Forsythe, the hot blood rushing to his face and his pig eyes gleaming, "why don't you come across? Why don't you? I love you, Margie. Give me a kiss, an' I'll get Jimmy the Wop out, an' you'll be safe to do as you please for all the bureau'll care!"

"What a beast you are!" the woman cried.

"Well, I'm as good as your stool pigeon lover," snarled Forsythe.

"What do you mean?" cried the woman.

"You heard what I said—stool pigeon! That's what Jimmy the Wop is. How d'you think he